

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DESPONDENCY THE SUBJECT OF SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE.

From Hebrews, Chapter V, Verse 19, as follows: "Which Hope, We as an Anchor of the Soul Both Sure and Steadfast."

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Washington, Nov. 17.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage would lift people out of despondency and bring something of future joy into earthly depression. The text is Hebrews vi, 19, "Which hope."

There is an Atlantic ocean of depth and fullness in the verse from which my text is taken, and I only wade into the wave at the beach and take two words. We all have favorite words expressive of delight or abhorrence, words that easily find their way from brain to lip, words that have in them mornings and midnights, laughter and tears, thunderbolts and dewdrops. In all the lexicons and vocabularies there are few words that have for me the attractions of the last word of my text, "Which hope."

There have in the course of our life been many angels of God that have looked over our shoulders, or met us on the road, or chanted the darkness away, or lifted the curtains of the great future, or pulled us back from the precipices, or rolled down upon us the rapturous music of the heavens, but there is one of these angels who has done so much for us that we wish throughout all time and all eternity to celebrate it—the angel of Hope. St. Paul makes it the center of a group of three, saying, "Now abideth faith, hope, charity." And, though he says that charity is the greatest of the three, he does not take one plume from the wing, or one ray of luster from the brow, or one aurora from the cheek, or one melody from the voice of the angel of my text, "Which hope."

An Ample Deposit.

When we draw a check on a bank we must have reference to the amount of money we have deposited, but Hope makes a draft on a bank in which for her benefit all heaven has been deposited. Hope! May it light up every dungeon, stand by every sickbed, lend a helping hand to every orphanage, loosen every chain, caress every forlorn soul and turn the unpicturesque room of the almshouse into the vestibule of heaven! How suggestive that mythology declares that when all other deities fled the earth the goddess Hope remained!

It was hope that revived John Knox when on shipboard near the coast of Scotland he was fearfully ill, and he was requested to look shoreward and asked if he knew the village near the coast, and he answered, "I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I am fully persuaded how weak that ever I now appear I shall not depart this life till my tongue shall glorify his holy name in the same place." His hope was rewarded, and for twenty-five more years he preached. That is the hope which sustained Mr. Morrell of Norwich when departing this life at twenty-four years of age he declared, "I should like to understand the secrets of eternity before tomorrow morning." That was the kind of hope that the corporal had in the battle when, after several standard bearers had fallen, he seized the flag and turned to a lieutenant colonel and said, "If I fall, tell my dear wife that I die with a good hope in Christ and that I am glad to give my life for my country." That was the good hope that Dr. Goodwin had in his last hour when he said: "Ah, is this death? How have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend!"

Assurances of Heaven.

Many have full assurance that all is right with the soul. They are as sure of heaven as if they had passed the pearly panels of the gate, as though they were already seated in the temple of God unrolling the libretto of the heavenly chorister. I congratulate all such. I wish I had it, too—full assurance—but with me it is hope. "Which hope." Sinful, it expects forgiveness; troubled, it expects relief; bereft, it expects reunion; clear down, it expects wings to lift; shipwrecked, it expects lifeboat; bankrupt, it expects eternal riches; a prodigal, it expects the wide open door of the father's farmhouse. It does not wear itself out by looking backward; it always looks forward. What is the use of giving so much time to the rehearsal of the past? Your mistakes are not corrected by a review, your losses cannot, by brooding over them, be turned into gains. It is the future that has the most for us, and hope cheers us on. We have all committed blunders, but does the dailing of the roll of them make them the less blunders? Look ahead in all matters of usefulness. However much you may have accomplished for God and the world's betterment, your greatest usefulness is to come. "No," says some one, "my health is gone."

"No," says someone, "my money is gone." "No," says someone, "the most of my years are gone and therefore my usefulness." Why, you talk like an infidel. Do you suppose that all your capacity to do good is fenced in by this life? Are you going to be a lounge and do nothing after you have quit this world? It is my business to tell you that your faculties are to be enlarged and intensified and your qualifications for usefulness multiplied tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousandfold.

Freed From Limitations.

Am I not right in saying that eternity can do more for us than can time? What will we not be able to do when the powers of locomotion shall be quickened into the immortal spirit's speed? Why should a bird have a swiftness of wing when it is of no importance how long it shall take to make its aerial way from forest to forest and we, who have so much more important errand in the world, get on so slowly? The roebuck outruns us, the hounds are quicker in the chase, but wait until God lets us loose from all limitations and hindrances. Then we will fairly begin. The starting post will be the tombstone. Leaving the world will be graduation day before the chief work of our mental and spiritual career. Hope sees the doors opening, the victor's foot in the stirrup for the mounting. The day breaks—first flush of the horizon. The mission of hope will be an everlasting mission, as much of it in the heavenly hereafter as in the earthly now. Shall we have gained all as soon as we enter realms celestial—nothing more to learn, no other heights to climb, no new anthems to raise, a monotony of existence, the same thing over and over again for endless years? No! More progress in that world than we ever made in this. Hope will stand on the hills of heaven and look for ever brightening landscapes, other transfigurations of color, new glories rolling over the scene, new celebrations of victories in other worlds, heaven rising into grander heavens, seas of glass mingled with fire, becoming a more brilliant glass mingling with a more flaming fire. "Which hope."

Return of Lost Sheep.

On the following evening he came. He said that he was the black sheep of the family flock. He had wandered the world over and been in all kinds of wickedness, but a few nights before after reading a letter from his mother in Scotland, he had retired for sleep, but in the adjoining room he heard some young men in such horrible conversation he could not sleep. He was shocked as he had never before been by the talk of bad men. He arose, struck a light, took out the letter from his mother and knelt down by the bedside and said, "O Lord, God of my mother, have mercy on me!" He said that since that prayer he was entirely changed and loved what he before hated and hated what he before loved and asked what I thought it all meant. I replied, "You have become a Christian." He said he might be called at any time to leave the city. I never saw him again, but it seemed to me that he had turned his back upon his wicked past and had started in the right direction. And it may be so with your boy. Write him often. Tell him how you are thinking of him at home, and, it may be, your letter in hand, he may call upon his mother's God to help and save him. Hope, you of the gray hairs and wrinkles! Heaven has its thousands of souls who were once as thoroughly wrong as your boy is. They repented, and they are with the old folks in the healthy air of the eternal hills, where they may become young again. Hope on, and, though you may never hear of your son's reformation and others may think he has left this life hopeless, who knows but in the last moment, after he has ceased to speak, and before his soul launches away, your prayer may have been answered and he be one of the first to meet you at the shining gate. The prodigal in the parable got home and sat down at the feast, while the elder brother, who never left the old place, stood pouting at the back door and did not go in at all.

Take the Hand of Hope.

But if you will not take the hand of Hope for earthly convalescence let me point you to the perfect body you are yet to have if you love and serve the Lord. Death will put a prolonged anaesthetic upon your present body, and you will never again feel an ache or pain, and then in his good time you will have a resurrection body about which we know nothing except that it will be painless and glorious beyond all present appreciation. What must be the health of that land which never feels cut of cold or blast of heat and where there is no east wind blowing pneumonia on the air, your feetness greater than the foot of deer, your eyesight clearer than eagle in sky—perfect health in a country where all the inhabitants are everlastingly well! You who have in your body an encysted bullet ever since the civil war, you who have kept alive only by precautions and self-denials and perpetual watching of pulse and lung, you

of the deafened ear and dim vision and the severe backache, you who have not been free from pain for ten years, how do you like this story of physical construction, with all weakness and suffering subtracted and everything jocund and bounding added?

Do not have anything to do with the gloom that Harriet Martineau expressed in her dying words: "I have no reason to believe in another world. I have had enough of life in one and can see no good reason why Harriet Martineau should be perpetuated." Would you not rather have the Christian enthusiasm of Robert Annan, who, when some one said, "I will be satisfied if I manage somehow to get into heaven," replied, pointing to a sunken vessel that was being dragged up the river Tay: "Would you like to be pulled into heaven with two tugs like that vessel yonder? I tell you I would like to go in with all my sails set and colors flying."

God's Instruments.

Those pessimists do not realize that two inventions of our times are going to make it possible under God to bring this whole world into salvable and millennial condition within a few weeks after those two inventions shall be turned into the service of God and righteousness, as they will be. I refer to the telegraph and the telephone. If you think that God allowed those two inventions to be made merely to get rapid information concerning the price of railroad stocks or to call up a friend and make with him a business engagement, you have a very abbreviated idea of what can be done and will be done with those two instruments. The intelligence of the world is to be expanded, and civilization will overcome barbarism, and illiteracy will be extirpated, and the promise will be literally fulfilled, "A nation born in a day."

Let Hope say to the foreboding: Do all you can with Bible and spelling book and philosophic apparatus, but toll with the sunlight in your faces or your efforts will be a failure. The pail in the sky is not another phase of the night, but the first sign of approaching day, which is as sure to come as tonight will be followed by tomorrow. Things are not going to ruin. The Lord's hosts are not going to be drowned in the Red Sea of trouble. Miriam's timbrel will play on the high banks "Israel Delivered." High hope for the home! High hope for the church! High hope for the world!

Angel of Hope Is Near.

Open that closed instrument of music in your parlor that has not been played on since the hand of the departed player forgot its cunning. Put up before you on the music board the notes of the hymn of Isaac Watts and sing "There is a Land of Pure Delight" or James Montgomery's hymn, "Who Are These in Bright Array?" or Fillmore Bennett's "Sweet Bye and Bye" or "Jerusalem the Golden." Take some tune in the major key—"Ariel" or "Mount Pisgah." While you play and sing the angel of Hope will stand by you and turn the leaves and join in the rapturous rendering. Reunion with the loved and lost! Everlasting reunion! No farewell at the door of any mansion! No goodbye at any of the twelve gates! No more dark apparel of mourning, but white robe of exaltation! Hope now is on its knees, with face uplifted, but Hope there will be on tiptoe or beckoning you to follow, saying: "Come and hear the choir sing! Come and see the procession march! Come and see the river of life roll! Come with me over the hills that rise into everlasting heights." Celestial Alps and Himalayas isolated into other Alps and Himalayas!

From this hour cultivate hope. Do so by reading all the Scriptural promises of the world's coming Edenization and doubt if you dare the veracity of the Almighty when he says he will make the desert rosette, and the leopard and the kid will lie down in the same pasture field, and the lion, ceasing to be carnivorous, will become graminivorous, eating "straw like an ox," and reptilian venom shall change into harmlessness, so that the "weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." So much for the world at large.

The Time of a Wink.

A German scientist has given another proof of the painstaking nature of his race in obtaining perfect accuracy and the most minute detail of all things. This savant has measured the time that is occupied by a wink. He used a special photographic apparatus and fixed a piece of white paper on the edge of the eyelid for a mark. He found that the lid descends quickly and rests a little at the bottom movement. Then it rises more slowly than it fell. The mean duration of the downward movement was from .07 to .091 of a second. The time from the instant the eye rested till it closed varied from .15 to .17 of a second. In rising the lid took .17 of a second. The wink was completed in .4 of a second.

A Quaker Girl's Diary

Sparkling Narrative
Written by a Philadelphia Revolutionary Belle.

There is an ancient house at Pennlyn, Gwynedd township, Montgomery county, Pa., that is associated with one of the prettiest contributions to the history of the stirring times in the fall of 1777. It is the old Foulke mansion, wherein a young Philadelphia Quaker girl wrote the charming, sparkling narrative that has become famous as Sally Wister's Journal.

The document has been a fruitful source of inspiration to many writers of fiction, dealing with the days of our nation making. Just before the British army slipped into Philadelphia after weeks of fighting and feinting, Sally's father, Daniel—a Philadelphia merchant—sent his family out to Gwynedd to the Foulkes, the two families being kin, to escape the many unpleasant features of life in a city with an army of occupation.

Previous to going away Sally and her friend, Deborah Norris, another young Quakeress, who, by the way, told in after years how she peeped over the garden fence and looked across Fifth street to see what was going on the day they publicly read the Declaration of Independence, agreed to keep journals, which they would exchange when they met again, as it would be manifestly impossible to get letters through the lines of the two armies. And Sally went out to her widowed "Aunt Hannah's," the uncle, William Foulke, having died in 1775.

The long, low stone house, wherein the Foulke family and their city relatives sheltered that troublous winter is still in excellent preservation and doubtless in very much the same proportions of a century and a quarter ago. Its present owner, J. E. Caldwell has done much to give it a splendid setting in a landscape gardening scheme of rare beauty.

Wrote Her Diary There.

In one of the rooms of the picturesque mansion this light-hearted girl jotted down her chatty, familiar impressions of the great makers of American history as they appeared on the little stage of the hospitable Foulke home. The first entry in her diary was made Sept. 25, 1777—124 years ago this week.

One day she writes: "Two genteel men of the military order rode up to the door" and arranged for the billet-

which formed this distinguished colonial house party, "Went to the mill. We made very free with some continental flour. We powdered mighty white, to be sure." Another day 21-year-old and flirtatious Brig-Gen. Lacy rides by "in expectation of drawing the attention of the 'mill girls.'" * * * but as ill-luck would order it, I had been busy and my Auburn ringlets were much disheveled; therefore I did not glad his eyes, and cannot set down on the list of honors received that of a bow from Brig-Gen. Lacy." She comments further on that day being "almost adventureless."

A gay young blade from Virginia, Alexander "Spotswood Dandridge, aka her to marry him on exceedingly short acquaintance, she thinks, although she hastens to explain, "had we been acquainted seven years we would not have been more sociable. The moon gave a sadly pleasing light." What a wonderfully complete picture of sociability that entry suggests!

She tells of the pranks she and her girl friends played on a certain Mr. Tilly, "a wild, noisy mortal," who appears "bashful when with girls," and who "talks so excessively fast that he often begins a sentence without finishing the last, which confuses him very much, and then he blushes and laughs." Mr. Tilly plays two tunes on the German flute and he is unmercifully jeered about his brilliant musical talent.

A Joke on Tilly.

Tilly was something of a braggart, it seems, and the merry company decided to have some fun with him, so they fitted up the figure of a British grenadier and stood it at the door of the house. While they were chatting in the gloom of one of the rooms one December night a knock came at the door. The servant came in with the message that they were all wanted outside. Tilly was the first one out and he banged into the grenadier. At the same moment a thundering voice called out: "Are there any rebel officers here?"

"Not waiting for a second word, he darted like lightning out of the front door, through the yard, bolted over the fence. Swamps, fences, thorn-hedges and plowed fields no way impeded his retreat." At last they found Tilly and explained the joke to him.



OLD FOULKE MANSION AT PENNLYN, PA.

ing of Gen. William Smallwood of Maryland at the house. "One of the officers dismounted and wrote 'Smallwood's quarters' over the door, which secured us from straggling soldiers. After this he mounted his steed and rode away. When we are alone our dress and lips were put in order for conquest and the hopes of adventure gave brightness to each before passive countenance."

Gen. Smallwood Arrives.

"In the evening (of Oct. 19) his generalship came with six attendants, which composed his family. A large guard of soldiers, a number of horses and baggage wagons, the yard and house in confusion and glittered with military equipments. * * * The general is tall, portly, well-made; a truly martial air, the behavior and manners of a gentleman, a good understanding and great humanity of disposition constitute the character of Smallwood."

For weeks her journal resounds with the clanking of swords, the rumble of military wagons, the tramp of marching soldiers, busy, perhaps, with the care of wounded soldiers whose line of retreat from fatal Germantown lay close to the old house. She only briefly refers to the battle there and "the horrors of that day." She tells her absent friend the gossip they get at the mill—a mill was part of the Foulke estate—but warns her by saying: "We don't place much dependence on mill news."

Conquest of a Virginian.

One day several of the company

He was induced to come back, and when he rejoined the group he solemnly faced the company and remarked: "You may all go to the d—!" Sally touchingly and suggestively comments: "I never heard him utter an indecent expression before."

But it would take columns, says the Philadelphia Record, to reprint the full account of Sally Wister's Journal and its abounding references to the qualifications and character of the various officers who stopped at this old house. As to the complete Journal, which first saw the light in the comfortable home, one's best wishes to the reader of these lines may be most fittingly expressed in Sally's dedication to her friend Deborah. "The perusal of it may some time hence give pleasure in a solitary hour to thee."

A Fast Man's Course.

M. Courinaud's uncle, both well-known in Paris, died in April and left him 6,000 francs. Delighted with so much money, he considered various plans of spending it. He was afraid to place it in the bank and had no confidence in commercial ventures. Not fond of racing, he finally decided to drink it up. At the end of five months he succeeded. His average was forty francs a day. At last he bought a bottle of alcohol for two francs, drank it, and then shot himself. He left a request to be buried in a cellar at the side of the barrels.—Chicago Journal.

Liberty and duty are inseparable terms. If I ought, I can.—Kant.